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A. W. HORNBECK
PHONE 143

their delightful eyes, like a beautiful vision, its outlines so varied, its domes and minarets, its palaces so ideal in their charms. Has another city in the world so magnificent an approach? You have on your left, for a distance of four miles, the old battlements, which extends from the Seraglio Point to the seven towers; you have on your right, running along the Asiatic shore the cemeteries and cypress groves of Sentari; before you open the Bosphorus, exceeding loveliness, and thus you glide on over the beautiful scenery on its banks being of waters, and around the Seraglio Point, till at last the vessel drops anchor in the Bosphorus, just to the north of the Golden Horn. It was an animated scene. The harbor filled with ships, man-of-war, steamers, and the quays crowded with people of all nations, in their own peculiar costumes presented a bright panorama of moving figures. After the doctor had paid his visit and our passports examined, a number of us went ashore in a steam launch.

We landed on the north quay, as it was nearly sunset we only had a short time to spend on shore, as we did not wish to spend the night. We passed along narrow streets, we went on up an other street with a thousand steps, dogs lying everywhere with sore backs and weak eyes, not disturbed or hurt by the thousand motley crowd of turbaned men and women, that passed along.

We returned the same way back and were glad to reach the boat, to warmth and dinner. We passed the evening (my friends and myself) walking the deck and gazing out over the harbor, and city with its many lights and sounds. A striking feature of Constantinople is that it is made up of three cities, the oldest being Stamboul, which is on the site of the ancient Byzantium, and is tenanted by Mohammedans, here are the principal mosques, the Seraglio, the public offices, and the bazaars. Lying along the harbor is Galata, a quarter which is to Constantinople, what the Rialto was to Venice the resorts of merchants, and this reaches to Tophana, and extends to the shores of the Bosphorus.

On the heights above Galata, commanding magnificent views of the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, is Pera, where amid cypress groves and gardens rises the mansions allotted to European ambassadors and many a fine private house, with gay cafes and splendid shops. There is every facility of getting about in Constantinople. There are carriages and tramps and omnibuses; bridges of stone and floating bridges.

Thursday, March 24. After breakfast we went ashore and all that most strangers see, making the most of our time, and being favored with a fine day. We visited the armory and the museum of antiquities and many of the mosques, among them the beautiful mosque of Suleiman, the magnificent, built after the pattern of the grand mosque of St. Sophia, in which we spent some time. This last is the largest mosque in the world, and is in the form of a Greek cross. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, and many are the legends of miracles connected with its erection. The floor is paved with watered marble, there are columns and pedestals of white mar-

ble and pillars of green granite supporting the woman's gallery, and said to have been brought from the temple of Diana of Ephesus. Twenty four columns of Egyptian granite supports the galleries on both sides, and the whole number of columns in the mosque are 107, the mystic number assigned for the support of the house of wisdom. There are four minarets attached to the mosques, and on the top of the cupola a gilded crescent. We also visited the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, the court mosque, where great ceremonies and processions are held, and where the Sultan and his whole suite go on the days of great festivals. As luck would have it, today was one of those great festivals. We found the streets crowded with people and lined from the gates of the palace to the mosque with soldiers. We stood for about an hour waiting for him to pass, and when he did come, the cheer the people raised, that filled the street, was only half-hearted. He is a man between 58 and 62 years old, somewhat like King Edward, wearing whiskers. At the Pigeon mosque, we spent a few minutes, to see the flock of pigeons that make it their home, and which are regarded as sacred by the Mohammedans, the birds are very tame.

Constantinople is a city of mosques, for besides the Imperial mosque, built by the Sultan, it is said there are more than 200 others built by men of wealth, all erected on the same plan, but varying in splendor. We visited the tower of Galata, and went up its 300 steps and paid a franc each for doing so, but from the top there was a magnificent view. It would be impossible to speak of Constantinople and not mention the dogs. They are ugly specimens of their kind and bear a wonderful resemblance of their kindred in Syria. They are a tawny color, small in size and shaggy, and live in the streets, where they perform the duty of scavengers, and prowling about the city, feed on garbage and offal, some are scamed, some mutilated, for though the Turks never kill a dog, they scald and beat them. These dogs are everywhere and hundreds may be counted in the narrow dirty streets. A very strange thing about the dogs is this, they have their own quarters in the city; and if a dog from one quarter intrudes on another, they will immediately fall on him and tear him to pieces.

It would be impossible to mention all that we saw of interest in Constantinople. After visiting the pigeon mosque, we walked to the cistern of a thousand and one columns, only 224 of which remain, the Egyptian Obelisk brought from Heliopolis, the site where the Hippodrome once stood. The public fountains, most of them, are very elaborate, covered with stone, others in plain marble. All things came to an end and on Saturday, March 26th a cold raw, cloudy day, the anchor was raised and the good steamship Cincinnati sailed up the Bosphorus to the Black sea. How beautiful were the banks of the Bosphorus on both shores, the European and the Asiatic as we passed village after village on either side, and so made our way to the Cyanean rocks at the mouth of the Black sea. We passed Serrare, and Kandali and Dabutew, the imperial palace of the Sultan, and here we caught

view of the Robert College on its commanding eminence, the castle of Roumelia in the northwest part of the Bosphorus and Stenia the largest harbor of the Bosphorus and the great summer resort, Therapia. Our good ship turned and retraced its course and passing the horn, the sun whose face had been covered all day with clouds, now at its setting moment burst forth in all its splendor, and truly made the horn, the Golden Horn. I think that had the weather had more sunshine and warmth, we would have taken away with us a better impression of this great city, but as it was I do not think a single passenger of our party wanted to stay another hour in the gloomy and chilly atmosphere of Constantinople.

Sunday 27th, at sea. What a pleasant surprise on coming on deck to find once more we were in sunshine and warmth, one felt that one would like to return once more to Constantinople, if the sunshine and warmth would return with us. At 11 a. m. we had service on board, one for the English, and one for the German. The whole day though not warm, was very pleasant, and one was a very agreeable change.

Monday 28th. At sea, on our way to Messina (Sicily) where we expect to reach tomorrow at 7 a. m. The weather, though not cold is foggy, with showers, with snow and then the sun peeping out. I hope the afternoon will improve. The sun has come out and all are glad to see old Sol again, the day was spent in lounging about and the night in a fancy ball.

Tuesday, 29th. We arrived at Messina, at 7 o'clock, and when I went on deck, there before us, in a crescent shape on the side of the high hills, running upwards was the remains of a pleasant, if not a beautiful city, that had suffered so much fourteen months before. The buildings were in ruins everywhere and the expanse that once surrounded the harbor, was beneath the water. After breakfast we went ashore in a small boat, on landing walked about the ruined streets, passing hundreds of temporary buildings, built on the streets themselves, leaving the ruined buildings behind them. Only the wide streets were cleared for traffic, the cross streets were still full of fallen ruins. We saw several settlements of cottages of three rooms each, that were erected by several nations, and where the people are rent free for ten years. I think the very poor people have improved their condition, but the middle class have been wiped out. The city government have done little or nothing to restore the city. I saw few or no beggars. I returned to the boat after walking about two or three hours. The view from the boat is a fine one, hills everywhere surround the fallen city, and across the strait you can see where the disaster chugged the outlines of the shore, after swallowing up scores of human beings. Some of the passengers have gone up to the mountain top, to have a look at Mount Etna, and they hope to find him smoking; on passing east we saw it in all its glory. The weather is delightful. We expect to leave here today at 6 p. m.

Wednesday, Mar. 30, 1910. We arrived here at 7 a. m. Palermo, Palermo is the capital of Sicily, it has 220,000 population. It is surrounded by mountains in the north and its semi-circle face is on the sea. South the hills are fine, but barren. It is a clean, and well paved city, its streets are wide, and bordered by fine buildings, and shops, and well to do looking people. In it are some fine old palaces and churches. They have old Catacombs where you see the skeleton in all positions, a gruesome place to say the least, and is used for all it is worth for a church. It is a great port for oranges and lemons. We saw some magnificent beds of flowers in full bloom and in great varieties. The harbor is good and well constructed. We leave here for Naples, this evening at 8 o'clock, and reach that port tomorrow.

March 31st. Arrived here at 8 a. m., went on shore after breakfast. The approach to Naples is beautiful, the towering mountains to the right, and the high hills to the left and back, and its semi-circle shape, with palaces and buildings piled up, one above the other. The city is beautiful, its streets and squares with its monuments and sculpture work on every square. Its cable and street car service is good and cheap. I went to Cook's office and purchased a round trip ticket through Italy,

Switzerland, Germany, Holland After lunch it rained so hard that we did not go ashore.

Friday, April 1st. After breakfast went on shore and taking the electric cars to Pompeii, it was an hour and a quarter's ride to get there. I had no conception of the place, it is really marvellous to see a whole city uncovered after being buried for over two thousand years. The street and the first story of hundreds of houses and palaces, their decoration, their water-service, their marbleized floors, their fountains, and gardens are uncovered. I will not attempt to describe it more fully, for it would take a greater pen than mine to do justice to it. It is walked about and every care is taken to preserve it. It costs 60 cents to pass through the tunnel. We returned to the boat about 2 o'clock through heavy rains. I with some of my friends, and in fact a large number of the passengers leave tomorrow, the ship, to go through Europe, and take another ship at some Western port for home.

Saturday, Apr. 2. After breakfast I went ashore alone and went to the museum to look over the articles at Pompeii. I found a large collection, everything from a needle to a cook stove. Some of the statuary is very fine. Outside of Pompeii collections, there are many fine pieces of statuary and oil paintings, and some beautiful pieces of tapestry. I returned to the ship for lunch, having my bag ready I started for Rome by the 2 o'clock express. The country between Naples as you see from the car window is beautiful. It is one marked garden, except here and there a vine-yard, vegetables of all kinds growing, cabbage large enough for the table, and peas in blossom. The train seems to run in a valley all the way up, except here and there, it passes through tunnels, there are high ranges of mountains on either side, there were a number of peaks covered with snow. As soon as we struck the pompos, all was changed to flat, green level, but not cultivated as far as I could see, then we passed under the old Roman aqueduct that advanced with us for a mile or more At the station there were a great

number of cabs, carriages and hotel busses. I had been recommended to hotel Eden, I found it 1st class, and at dinner at 7:30 o'clock, every one in full dress. If all are well I intend to go to St. Peters in the morning.

Sunday, April 3rd. After breakfast I took a car for St. Peters, after passing over a good part of the city, I at once recognized the great church, by its marvelous appearance. The approach is by a row of columns on either side, in a half circle. The church itself is a very large building surrounded by the Vatican. On entering you are struck by its vastness and its many Chapels, its large marble columns, its altars, paintings and sculpture work is in a class by itself, in one word I would say it is the largest church in the world, it is a great monument to the Roman Catholic world.

On returning to the hotel I lost my way and found the Coliseum, that immense old pile, the monument of old Roman cruelty, so I looked at its massive walls, its underground cells and passages. I thought of the deeds of cruelty that were committed in there, under the name of sport. I shorten my stay intending to return after lunch. After some trouble I found my way back to the hotel.

I returned after lunch, on getting the bearings I found it was only a short distance from the hotel. I walked around it again and passed through the arch of Constantine and further on thru the arch of Titus into the ruins of the old Roman Forum. There is the floor of the whole, with columns, whole or in part standing, part of the lower walls of the building are standing, a few of the public baths, wells and cisterns are complete. On the whole you can gain some conception what these mass of buildings were in the days of their glory. Old Rome was, indeed, a wonderful city. After visiting the Art gallery, I returned to the hotel, tired out and spent the balance of the evening in and about the hotel. Spent a pleasant evening to a late hour with the Russian Consul, who first spoke up and asked me if I were not a Russian.

Monday, April 4th. Spent the morning visiting the National Mu-

seum and several churches, in which I saw many interesting things the painting and sculpture in the church is generally good. In the afternoon we had a heavy fall of rain, towards 4 o'clock I ventured out and took a car ride outside the city walls. Everywhere you see beautiful buildings, in fact the buildings are palaces. Its streets are broad, with squares every few blocks, containing fountains, from which water is running in abundance. The sidewalks and streets are well paved. On the outside of the city there are many beautiful villas. There are only a few beggars found in the streets. Ex-President Roosevelt is in town, and it is rumored he will visit the Pope. In Naples we paid him and his family a visit at his hotel, and shook hands with him.

Dad Seward is visiting the "old folks" down at Tyrone, Ok., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coffey were over from Hoisington Monday visiting and transacting business.

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